

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## **Bakiripur**

By Richard Fein

1

I, Ellyata Bandari, had lived all of my life  
in Bakiripur, where the river turns to estuary  
and I have been scattered to the ocean,  
my ashes left to float towards depths and reaches.  
Before I died the words that once entered my life  
had turned to blood leaking from both of my ears,  
seepage that no doctor could cure or comprehend,  
and winds and water now float my ashes away.

2

What will happen to all of my saris?  
Will my husband now marry someone else  
and speak to her as kindly as he spoke to me,  
showing her, as he showed me, many truths?  
All those words are now for her, words changed  
to blood running from my ears. All those saris  
will now go to her, for her to wear while all  
that I used to be are now ashes on the water.

I loved those rag dolls I spoke to when I was a child,  
loved the way they listened to me and offered no words  
but just heard me say mine as I felt their longing  
just to listen to me, their cloths attentive to my sounds.  
They heard me, but their ears never bled from my words,  
and they never revealed any truths sewn into them,  
but they kept me warm as I slept. Oh, *my* dolls,  
I wish you were burned with me, part of my floating ashes.